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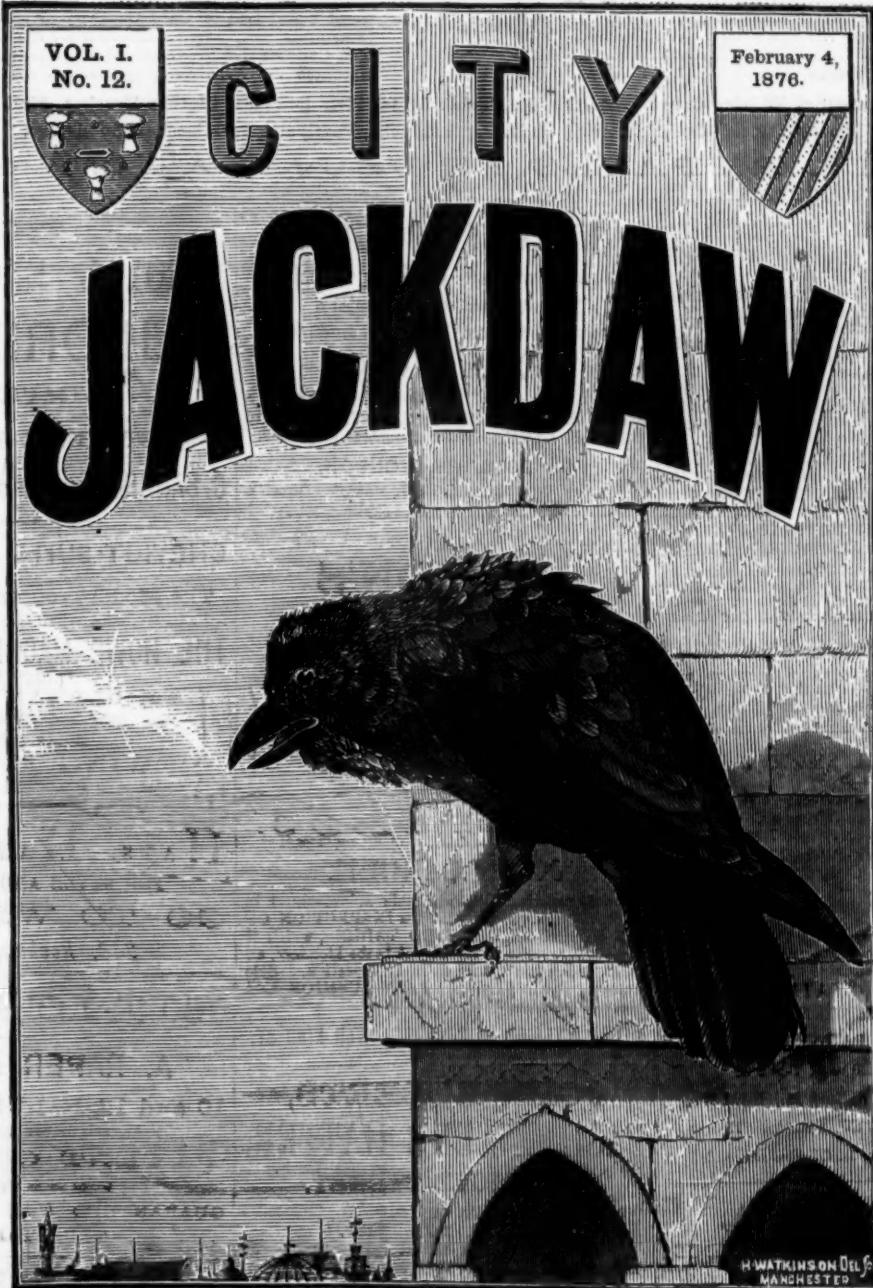
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The FINEST SCOTCH WHISKY in England is the
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The Importers, **Messrs. HENDERSON & JONES**, would also call attention to the fact, that the medical faculty are recommending and prescribing pure Scotch Whisky in lieu of French Brandy as a stimulant for invalids, for which purpose the "CAIRNGORM" cannot be excelled.

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MANCHESTER BOROUGH ELECTION,

FEBRUARY, 1876.

At a large meeting of nearly 1,500 representatives of the various sections of the Liberal party, held in the Dining Hall of the Reform Club, King Street, on Monday evening January 31st, 1876,

ROBERT LEAKE, Esq., in the Chair;

JACOB BRIGHT, Esq., was proposed as a candidate by Stanway Jackson, Esq., and Robert Whitworth, Esq.

MR. GEORGE ODGER was proposed by Mr. Job Billcliffe and Mr. James Davies.

J. T. HIBBERT, Esq., was proposed by Mr. John Ashton and Alderman Murray.

On a vote being taken, an overwhelming majority declared in favour of Mr. Jacob Bright, THE MINORITY NOT EXCEEDING 25.

The following resolutions were then passed unanimously:—

Moved by John Slagg, Esq., seconded by Samuel Watts, Esq.:

"That this meeting having agreed to accept Jacob Bright, Esq., as the Liberal candidate for the present vacancy, hereby declares its earnest hope that all sections of the party will heartily unite in untiring efforts to secure Mr. Bright's triumphant return."

Moved by the Chairman:

"That the gentlemen present hereby constitute themselves into a General Election Committee, with power to add to their number, for securing the return of Mr. Jacob Bright."

Moved by Thomas Agnew, Esq., seconded by Mr. Councillor J. J. Harwood:

"That the following gentlemen be appointed an Executive Committee for securing the election of Mr. Jacob Bright, with power to add to their number."

CHAIRMAN..... R. N. PHILIPS, Esq., M.P.

VICE-CHAIRMEN:

SIR ELKANAH ARMITAGE.
SIR JAMES WATTS.

THOMAS ASHTON, Esq.
JOHN RYLANDS, Esq.

ROBERT LEAKE, Esq.
JOHN SLAGG, Esq.

TREASURER..... H. M. STEINTHAL, Esq.

ELECTION AGENT..... W. J. POPPLEWELL. SECRETARY..... BENJAMIN L. GREEN.

John H. Agnew	Councillor Booth	Councillor Goldschmidt	Councillor Peel	S. A. Steinthal
Thomas Agnew	E. J. Broadfield	W. Gouldthorpe	Joseph Pope	John Stuart
William Agnew	L. Broderick	F. W. Grafton	E. Crompton Potter	Arthur G. Symonds
James Angus	Councillor W. Scott Brown	George Hablo	John Kingsley	Charles Thompson
Benjamin Armitage	Jesse Bryant	Councillor Harwood	Henry Lee	John D. Prior
Robert Austin	W. H. Burrow	Abraham Haworth	Joseph Leese	John Radcliffe
Councillor Batty	Thomas Charlton	Jesse Haworth	W. Mather	Henry Rawson
Councillor Bazley	Henry Coffey	C. J. Herford	J. B. McKerrow	Thomas Roberts
Charles H. Bazley	Edward Cross	Alderman Heywood	Thomas Mellor, jun.	R. D. Rusden
John A. Beith	C. Cutting	William Holland	Alderman Murray	Charles E. Schwann
H. F. Blair	E. W. Dixon	Isaac Hoyle	Councillor Murray	Joseph Shorrock
William Bond	C. J. Galloway	Charles J. Hurst	Rev. W. O'Connor	Peter Shorrock
Councillor T. Bright	T. F. Gell	Stanway Jackson	R. M. Pankhurst, LL.D.	Henry Slatter
			Alderman Patteson	J. W. Southern

And the Chairman, Vice-Chairmen, and Secretary of each Ward Election Committee.

Moved by Jacob Bright, Esq., seconded by Henry Rawson, Esq., and carried unanimously:—"That the best thanks of this meeting be given to Robert Leake, Esq., for his able conduct in the chair."

By order,

BENJAMIN L. GREEN, Secretary.

Central Committee Rooms, 10, St. James's Square, January 31, 1876.

TO THE ELECTORS OF MANCHESTER.

GENTLEMEN,

The sad event of the death of Mr. Callender—an event deplored by both political parties—makes an Election for Manchester necessary.

I accept, therefore, the unanimous invitation of a numerous body of electors, representing all sections of the Liberal party, to become a Candidate for the Representation of your City in the House of Commons.

Manchester has important local interests which require constant attention in Parliament. Should I become your Representative, I should feel it my duty to watch carefully those interests, and to give special attention to all that concerns the commercial prosperity of the county.

Having had, by your permission, a seat in the House of Commons for six years, and having frequently addressed you on public questions since the last general election, I need not re-state my political opinions.

From the day that I was first able to understand anything of politics until now, I have been an earnest member of the party of progress. That party, by the destruction of monopolies of every kind, and by the removal of barriers which gave privileges to the few and oppressed the many, has increased the freedom of the people, and added to the prosperity and stability of the country.

You have given your powerful aid to great reforms in the past. In the firm belief that you will again take your old and honoured place in the ranks of the Liberal party, I await with confidence the verdict you will soon be called upon to give.

Faithfully yours,

JACOB BRIGHT.

Alderley Edge, Manchester, January 31st, 1876.

THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. I.—No. 12.]

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1876.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.

A REFUGE FOR POOR IDIOTS.

If our readers will be assured that, though our title suggests a sad reflection, our remarks are not intended to be gloomy, we shall have pleasure in saying a few words that we have been asked to say about an institution that is a credit to our northern counties. We will not needless dwell on the misfortune of the existence, to a lamentable extent, of idiot and half-witted lads and lasses in these counties. Neither do we remind our readers of the often thoughtless and heartless treatment which these poor children receive in their native villages, and even in their homes, except for the purpose of presenting the bright contrast of their condition in the Royal Albert Asylum at Lancaster. A periodical visit to that asylum, by one who would carefully note the sayings and doings of the poor inmates, might supply a good deal of matter wherewith to amuse our readers, without saddening them so much as one would suppose. Their laughter might, and ought to, have its background of compassionate regret for the condition of its unfortunate producer, but that background would be relieved in tone by the consciousness that the involuntary "smart saying," or laughable mistake, is noticed in what are, to him, happy and comfortable surroundings, and often indicates the struggling of a mind in partial development which, elsewhere, would have received no development at all. This is the great fact which the good men who labour for the welfare of these helpless lads and lasses want to bring home to the generous hearts of northern folks—that though idiots, generally speaking, will always be idiots, their character and mind is capable of development up to a certain standard. Therefore, if it were in our power to collect the current anecdotes of the asylum life, we would stipulate that our readers should, in proportion to their relish of them, contribute to a charity which ameliorates, in an extraordinary degree, the condition of these unfortunates, surrounds them with comfort in the critical years of their lives, and sends many away able, under kindly guidance, to follow, usefully, some trade, and to help, in some degree, instead of to hinder the world's work around him. One of our Manchester daily papers lately told the story of Diogenes, the most remarkable inmate of the institution at present, who had lived in the greatest wretchedness at home in a tub, where he was placed to keep him out of mischief. This youth has been induced to leave the filthy little dwelling (?) in which his limbs were "cribb'd, cabin'd, and confined," and is showing great progress in the industry of mat-making. He develops some commercial ability; and, although he will have nought to do with the learning necessary to keep accounts, justifies his present obstinacy by his shrewd declaration that he'll have ready money! The delight of afflicted parents at receiving a letter from their idiot child is worth purchasing at the price of the subscription necessary to maintain that child in the asylum; and the progress made in this art of letter-writing may be judged not so bad when you find a child thus describing Lancaster Castle: "The Castle is a strong place, and when you get inside you don't easily get out!" Home affections are cultivated in the asylum, and an incident that occurred in the asylum one day seems to show that sometimes they need cultivation. One of the officials of the institution thought to rouse a lad's dark mind into a momentary interest in something beyond himself by telling him he had seen his father. The boy paid no heed. The news was repeated with an emphasis that pointed out the necessity of an answer. The lad saw that an answer was wanted, and contemptuously said, "Why, mon, Oi've seen him mony a time!" It rarely happens that an inmate feels his restraint

so much as to attempt escape; but one boy, who once did so, had to listen to some exhortation, a portion of which was conveyed to him in the recital of the Scripture parable of the Prodigal Son. The mind was roused to the criticising point. The lad triumphantly compared his own case with that brought under his notice, and detected an important distinction. "I had more sense than the prodigal son," said he, "I knew when to come back to dinner." Our readers may find entertainment, and gratification too, by a visit to this Idiots' Home, where the medical superintendent (Dr. Shuttleworth) or the secretary (Mr. Diggens) will receive them courteously; but if they cannot go let them take our assurance that humanity could not but be promoted by their helping the poor idiots there with money or with presents.

ABOLISHING THE ALDERMEN.

SCENE.—Committee Room in the Town Hall. Aldermen assembled; the Town Clerk in the chair.

Sir Joseph. Now, Bake, don't fume in that way; there's not a bit of necessity for it. Why, they don't propose to abolish you any more than any other alderman.

Alderman Bake. Abolish me! Why, it's enough to make a man swear. Here I've served my fellow-citizens for years and years, and now in my old age they talk of doing away with me.

Alderman Villert. Vy, zay talk of abolishing ze Town Clerk, to zay nothing of ze vater of ze Council.

Alderman Bennett. Oh, it's only a Radical cry, and won't hold water for a minute. What could the city do without us?

Sir Joseph. Well, I've not been asked my opinion yet, but if I had been, I would be bound to say that I don't think aldermen are very—

Omnès. Very what?

Sir Joseph. Very useful, though they may be ornamental. I don't like to tell the Council that, or I am afraid they'd support Mr. Heygate's bill in the House of Commons. Upon my word, I think the aldermen might be improved if they were elected as town councillors are.

Alderman Baker. Hear, hear!

Sir Joseph. Baker evidently feels that the cap fits.

Alderman Baker. Oh, no! but I am bound to say that I am beginning to wonder what aldermen were ever intended for. The councillors do all the work.

Alderman Grave. Oh, no! they don't. I'd like to see a councillor who could manage the waterworks business.

Alderman King. Or the gas affairs of the city.

Sir Joseph. There's lots of them who think they can. But what's to be done? Are you prepared to be abolished, or are we to ask the Council to petition against the bill?

Alderman Murray. I am not afraid of being abolished. I should stand for Ardwick, and I am blessed if I don't think I should have a great chance of being returned.

Sir Joseph. Holloa! here's Councillor Brown coming to console you.

Councillor Brown [putting his head in at the door]. I say, have you distinguished ornaments seen the *City News* to-day?

Alderman Bake. Certainly not.

Councillor Brown. Then just see it. You're all to be abolished. Oh, my! won't Sir Joseph be grand when he's only got town councillors to deal with, and no aldermen to sit upon. It'll save the city at least ten thousand pounds a year. Won't it, Sir Joseph?—unless they get superannuated. [Flies for his life, followed by indignant aldermen.]

FLOATING AN OLDHAM LIMITED COMPANY.

RECENT revelations in regard to the manner in which limited companies may be floated are gleaned from Oldham. In an article some short time since, we pointed out that a very excellent method of wriggling out of debt or difficulty was to appeal to the public, and start a company on the strength of one's own failure. We do not know whether or not the Bankside Spinning Company, at Oldham, is a case in point, because we have only the report of a meeting of shareholders to go by; but from this report we gather some particulars which may be interesting to the public. In the first place it appears that a boiler, which was an important part of the effects at the time of starting the company, was declared to be in splendid condition, although it was actually "so rotten that a man could easily kick his foot through it." It also appears that certain of the directors received out of the capital £100 each for "floating the company;" a mysterious item of expenditure, which can only be properly appreciated by putting two and two together. The two bits of information furnished in the report, and alluded to by us, throw considerable light on the manner in which limited companies may be, and are, recklessly started. Other items there were to which we have not time to allude, but if such revelations have the effect of educating the public in caution, the space devoted to them will not be thrown away.

OLD AUTHORS UNDER NEW LIGHTS.

[BY OUR OWN CRITIC.]

"HAMLET," A TRAGEDY BY W. SHAKSPEARE.

THIS play, although its plot is grossly improbable, and its characters and illustrations are often ludicrous, still possesses some merit. The story is briefly that of a young Prince of Denmark, who sees and converses with his father's ghost. In consequence of what he hears in the first interview, Hamlet is led to believe that his uncle, now king of the country and married to the queen, had attained that position by the use of foul play. Hamlet devotes his life to the discovery and exposure of the crime; and at last, just when he seems about to gain his object, he himself, in company with all the principal characters of the tragedy, is killed by one of those ingeniously contrived catastrophes which have been ordained from time immemorial by the tragic muse. The piece turns chiefly upon the whimsical proceedings of the hero, who certainly comports himself more like a lunatic than a sensible prince. Whether or not the author intended that Hamlet should seem to be mad, or to feign madness, is not very clear; but the irresistible inference on laying down the work must be, that the writer must have been either mad or drunk when he composed some of the passages. For instance, in the first act, Hamlet, meeting the ghost on the top of a wall, is thus greeted by the phantom:—

"I am thy father's spirit;
Doomed for a certain time to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
'Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away," &c.

The ghost then goes on to explain, with much pompous eloquence of the same kind, the particulars of his own death, and enjoins Hamlet to vengeance. Hamlet is in love with a young woman, daughter of a courtier, but the courting is broken off in consequence, as far as we can make out, of the young man's idiotic behaviour. Indeed, Hamlet, in his desire to carry out the ghost's behests, contrives, without advancing much in his purpose, to make everybody miserable around him. He scolds and sulks alternately, until he is at last shipped off by his relations to England, which country, it appears, was formerly regarded by the Danes as a substitute for the lunatic asylum which their own country did not boast. The obstreperous prince, however, is conveniently captured by pirates; and as these good folks have no use for an insane foreigner, they put him ashore. In the meantime, Ophelia, Hamlet's sweetheart, drowns herself out of grief, and Hamlet comes back just in time

to refresh himself by fighting with her brother at the funeral. In the last scene poison and steel do their work in an unusually extravagant fashion, insomuch that the stage is strewn with the slain, and none but "supers" are left to tell the tale. The plot, whose nature we have tried to indicate, is supplemented here and there by vigorous writing and some humour, but the sentiments put into the mouth of the hero are, as a rule, stilted and absurd. The greater portion of these is conveyed by the machinery of soliloquy, which is a great mistake, because the habit of talking to oneself is, in real life, seldom taken to be indicative of wisdom. And even if this method be used of exposing the thoughts it is manifestly out of place, for example:—

"Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew," &c.

Now, no man would go on thinking in this strain long without making himself laugh. Occasionally, too, these mutterings and rantings of Hamlet's are overheard, which proves that he is, at least, intended to be thinking absurd. As we have said before, this play, despite its many extravagances, is not, altogether, a bad one. It contains occasional touches of nature, and here and there bits of good character-drawing, but if its many defects could be removed, the part remaining would make but a sorry skeleton.

ELECTION RHYMES FOR THE NURSERY.

M'R. J. W. MACLURE is reported to have said at the Conservative meeting the other evening, "that, considering his large and very youthful family, and business responsibilities, he could not at present submit his name to the electors of Manchester." One of Mr. Maclure's juveniles has forwarded us the following rhymes, which he says he has concocted in the nursery:—

I.

There was an old Tory who got in a stew,
With so many children he didn't know what to do;
And yet the idea ne'er entered his head,
To whip them all soundly and send them to bed.

II.

Little man blue, come get up your name,
The Rads they are out, and the fat's in the flame;
Where is the boy that looks after the Rads?
Up at the top of the pole with his "fads."

III.

Hushaby Tory, on the tree top,
While the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the wind stops the cradle will fall,
Down comes cradle, Tory and all.

FRAMING THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

[ENTIRELY IMAGINARY.]

DIZZY in audience with the Queen.

Dizzy [reads]. "The orders issued by my Government with reference to fugitive slaves —" What shall I say about that, your Majesty?

Her Majesty. It is rather a delicate matter. Do you think all this excitement is genuine?

Dizzy. Sure of it, your Majesty. The chances are that one or two unfortunate—ahem—will lose us a seat in Manchester.

Her Majesty. In that case it would be advisable to rake up what the Liberals did in the same matter.

Dizzy. Just so, your Majesty; but then the Liberals didn't —

Her Majesty [rapping his knuckles]. You stupid man! But you can make it appear as if they did.

Dizzy. But then, with all humility, there was no Mistle —

Her Majesty. Hush! The less said about that the better. And you think Manchester won't return a Conservative?

Dizzy. I think they might if they had a candidate worth his salt, but they haven't got one.

Her Majesty. Who have they got?

Dizzy. A man named Powell.

Her Majesty. Never heard of him. What are his principles?

Dizzy. Goes in for teaching the Bible in all schools, and checking intemperance by keeping the public houses open.

Her Majesty. Gallant fellow! I hope he will succeed. If Jacob Bright gets in, he's got so many crotches in his head that he'll set us all by the ears. Now to the rest of the business.

Dizzy [reads]. "The unfortunate occurrences in connection with my navy." Such accidents will happen, the Liberals used to be always losing ships.

Her Majesty. Quite so. That's the line to take.

Dizzy [reads]. "Our foreign relations have, I hope, by a determined yet dignified and conciliatory"—that's a good remark, I think—[reads] "determined and conciliatory policy"—that means the tearing up of the treaty of Paris, and giving in to Austria; but we couldn't help it, could we? And there's the Suez Canal business, that was determined enough.

Her Majesty. But suppose somebody asks what was the use of it?

Dizzy. Leave me alone to mystify them. Now for domestic affairs. [Reads.] "My House of Commons will be asked to deliberate as to the advisability of taking away certain restrictions on Dissenters—" We must conciliate somewhere, and the Burials Bill is as good as anything else.

Her Majesty. Couldn't we take off the cotton duty? Would that give us the Manchester vote hereafter?

Dizzy. Powell is going in for that, but we shouldn't get a vote for it; half the men in Manchester are Protectionists, without knowing it.

Her Majesty. How about violence against the person?

Dizzy. We give it up. Besides, the thing was very much exaggerated. A good agitation, like the fugitive slave one, fires the papers much better.

Her Majesty. You may now retire. Fill it up in the usual way, only don't make it too long, as I shall have to stand while it is read.

[Dizzy kisses hands and retires.]

RUDIMENTS OF LOCAL GRAMMAR.

[BY OUR OWN GRAMMARIAN.]

ON MODES OF EXPRESSION.

HERE are some modes of expression of which I have not yet written, as, for example—

SARCASM.

This figure of speech may be very successfully studied in the columns of the *Manchester Courier*. It consists, as the derivation implies, in saying cutting or wounding things. The word is derived from a Greek word, which means a *flesh wound*. Hence the art of being sarcastic is one easily plied, as the clumsiest weapon will often produce a jagged incision. *Sarcasm* is a figure of speech which, as a general rule, requires the assistance of neither wit nor humour in its operations, as, for instance, "Mr. Peter Rylands and Mr. Ahmed Kenealy are two Radicals," &c. It would be quite useless to point out the fallacy of the implied argument, because sarcasm is as far apart from logic as logic is from common sense. It has, usually, for its object the discrediting of an opponent, political or otherwise, and is a very legitimate weapon for this purpose, especially when there is no neater one at hand. I need give no further examples here, because the local papers, and especially the *Manchester Courier*, are bristling with them just now.

SATIRE.

This mode of expression consists in dressing up a thing or person for ulterior purposes in some extraordinary garments, as, for instance, "Mr. Jacob Bright is a splendid and versatile politician. The Liberal party are unanimous in supporting him. He is quite sure to be returned at the head of the poll," &c. "It is a great pity that Dr. Pankhurst does not

issue his address, as he would be certain to be returned, especially under the ballot, when, as everybody knows, people vote entirely according to their convictions." "It would be an honour to Manchester to be represented by a shoemaker, who neglects his business. In the person of Mr. Odger, the constituency would possess this advantage coupled with the possession of a member of sound talents, great personal address, and unbounded wealth," &c. "The large and youthful family of Mr. Maclure, J.P., may be regarded in the light of a calamitous accident, as it deprives Manchester of the chance of electing a gentleman who would distinguish himself in the Senate."

MACLURE'S LAMENT.

A CROSS STREET SOLILOQUY.

Mr. J. W. Maclure: As Shakspere, somewhere in his "Pilgrim's Progress," says:

Man—Conservative—man was made to mourn!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The leaves of his address: to-morrow gushes,
And (in the street) he bears his blushing honours thick upon him.
The third day comes a frost—another candidate,

[Never mind the metre.]

And when he thinks, good easy man! full surely
His chances of M.P.-ship's ripening, kicks him out,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanting (money) boys that swim on bladders
This many a summer, on a Tory stream,
But far beyond my depth.

* * * * *
O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on Tories' favours!
* * * * *
When he falls, he falls like Maclure,
Never to hope again!
Holloa! Slagg, do you think Jacob has any chance?

THE THEATRES.

THE pantomime at the Royal continues to justify fully the opinions which have from time to time been expressed about it. The house is still well attended, considering the length of time that the piece has continued on the boards, and there seems little chance of diminution in the popularity of "Beauty and the Beast" for some time to come. Miss Catherine Lewis is an attractive central figure in the performance, and is well supported by the rest of the company, who are now very perfect in their work. The new act-drop, by Millais, is a very tasteful and beautiful addition to the decorations of the house.

At the Queen's, "Twinkle, Twinkle" is preceded every night by a spectacle called "The Harvest Storm," which is specially adapted to please the audiences who attend this popular theatre. We are glad to notice that here, also, the pantomime continues to be well received.

The proprietor of the Prince's has so ably set forth himself the merits of his pantomime that it would be a work of supererogation on our part to add to his remarks, for which advertisements may be consulted.

THE NEW ELECTION POLICY.—Mr. Jacob Bright, in his speech to the Liberal meeting in the Reform Club, on Monday evening, said that in fighting a great constituency different sections of the party must "give and take." Our correspondent at the meeting, who is of a practical turn of mind, afterwards took a jolly good supper at the expense of a member of the Club, and in return gave him a sight of good advice. When, at one o'clock the next morning, his entertainer gave a broad hint that the waiter wanted to go to bed, our correspondent took his leave. He desires us, however, to say that his new election policy is not exhausted, and that he has much good advice still to give to anyone who will take him to dine at the Reform Club or the Queen's Hotel.



WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT the Conservative candidate for Manchester intends to peep in the looking-glass every morning, in the hope of seeing the top of the Powell.

That as he was unsuccessful at Wigan, he is prepared for another unsuccessful wigging in Manchester.

That Mr. Haworth would have stood, but for some of his Wesleyan friends expressing a hope that he would not make Richard re-Dick-ulous.

That the election, on both sides, is to be fought on the most screw-pulous principles.

That under the ballot the *box populi* is the voice of the people.

That all the male paupers in the city ought to be entitled to vote, as they're on the rate book.

That the prisoners at Belle Vue Gaol are to be allowed to vote according to their convictions.

That Miss Becker has taken to quoting Shakspere for the occasion, "Oh! that I were a man"—that I might have a vote.

That if Miss Becker will call upon us, so de-voted are we to the cause of the ladies, we'll vote as Miss Becker likes—for a consideration.

That our P. D. will do the same if it's X-P-D-ent.

That the bellringers of the Manchester Cathedral are practising nightly on dumb-bells, so that in the event of another Conservative victory, they can ring like blazes.

That the Bishop's tongue, as well as the bells, will make a clatter if they do so.

That the reason why Mr. Bright is so frequently associated with Jacob's ladder, is that he's so fond of dwelling on the rongs of the people.

That as Mr. Maclure's expected progeny (M.P.) is not likely to see life, Mr. Disraeli has decided to confer upon him the title of Barren Maclure.

That during the election all the barbers of the city will be prevented from exhibiting the state of their polls.

That the Manchester Whigs just now are all turned into Jacobites.

That an old lady who was at the Theatre Royal the other night, is certain that there must be a distant relationship between the new drop-scene Millais, and the clown and pantaloon *mélée*.

That the Fathers of the Council think they ought not to be abolished before the Councillors, as they are older-men.

That the Rev. T. H. Gill is going to convene a meeting to protest against the Prince of Wales being present at dances performed by Nautchy girls.

AN ELECTION NEWSPAPER SELL.

WE have received the following indignant letter from a useful but readily-nettled correspondent:—

Old Post Office Yard, Tuesday Afternoon.

Sir,—Allow me to call your attention to the latest shameful newspaper sell. In the *Evening News* bill to-day, I read these lines:—

"REPRESENTATION OF MANCHESTER."

"LATEST BETTING."

As I have already several bets on, and am naturally desirous to know the latest odds, I at once purchased a paper. Will you believe me, sir, it did not contain a syllable on the subject of the betting connected with the election! The only useful thing I could find was a short paragraph respecting the colours, pedigree, and achievements of the Tory horse. Having failed in obtaining guidance as to the state of the betting, and being left entirely to my own judgment, I have hedged carefully all my Tory bets, and put the pot on heavily in favour of Jacob.—Yours rascally,

A KNOWING ONE.

AN UNREPORTED CONSERVATIVE MEETING.

SCENE.—*The Conservative Club.* Mr. J. W. MACLURE in the chair.

The Chairman. Well, gentlemen, as I said before, I can't afford to stand my own expenses, so, if you'll take my advice, you'll postpone the matter for a day or two. I don't care to be member for Manchester; upon my word, I'd prefer to remain as I am and pull Conservative strings. Dr. Royle, don't pull such a long face; one would think you were feeling the pulse of a rich patient, who would die before you could see him again.

Dr. Royle. Now, look here, Maclure, you're a man of the world, and I don't think it would pay you to be a member of Parliament. But don't you see how well I could manage if they elected me. I could remove my practice to London, and my constituents—my patients I mean—would have to come to consult me instead of my consulting them.

The Chairman. Well, if the Doctor doesn't mind prescribing a draught—

The Secretary. Draft, did you say?

The Chairman. Well, it's one and the same thing. To make all things sweet, I'll move that we nominate him.

Councillor Rose. Look here, I say, this farce won't do. Dr. Royle may be a very good Conservative—nobody doubts it; but he can't swallow the Doctor *holus bolus*, as the Chairman seems to suggest. What has Dr. Royle done for the constituency?

The Chairman. Increased it.

Councillor Rose. Well, I know he was the medical attendant on one occasion where three good Conservatives were brought into the world at once.

Dr. Royle. My good sir, let me not be credited with that story of the enemy. Two of the children were girls, and the third, a promising boy, turned up his nose on his mother's lap at the first Conservative soirée where I addressed him.

Mr. Hardcastle. Oh! the recreant.

Mr. Birley. Is the Doctor going to stand, or is he not?

Dr. Royle. Well, would anybody else here like to do so? because you know, upon reflection, I think it might be the death of some of my oldest patients if I deserted them. Would Councillor Rose like the honour?—not that I think he is at all fitted for it.

Councillor Rose. Well, I'd like to stand, but—

The Chairman [singing].

" 'Tis the last Rose of summer,
Left standing alone;
All his Tory companions
Money had none."

Councillor Rose. Well, no; considering my business responsibilities, I think I had better not.

The Chairman [whispering]. I say, Anderton, would you mind being nominated? No! Ah! then it's no use going further to-night with this matter, so we'll ask Charley to give us his political benediction, and refer the matter to a committee. I say, waiter, long clays for Mr. Birley and Mr. Hardcastle, and a paper of Irish twist for the member for Salford.

THE REPRESENTATION OF MANCHESTER.

THE LIBERAL CHOICE.

THE usually quiet neighbourhood of the Reform Club in King Street was on Monday evening agog with excitement. In the afternoon on 'Change, the air had been thick with rumours of splits and difficulties in the Liberal party; in the wards there was a bristling impatience that any other name than one should be mentioned. The crowd that had assembled on the flags in King Street, and that listened with keen interest to the wild hurrahs and shouts that issued from time to time through the open windows of the over-crowded, over-heated upper room, had one question on its lips: "Will they go for Jacob?" Inside, the staircase and landing were crowded with the overflow from the densely-packed meeting within, and every now and again someone would come out unable to withstand the stifling heat. There was a calm assurance of confidence about these out-comers which tended somewhat to allay the anxieties of the loungers without. Inside, however, the meeting was all excitement. More than one candidate had been proposed—three candidates—and there was to be a division. The milder Liberals, represented by Mr. John Ashton and Mr. Alderman Murray, had nominated Mr. J. T. Hibbert; the wilder section, Mr. George Odger. The advocates of the former candidate urged, in the face of a display of burning enthusiasm in Mr. Bright's favour, that possibly he was looked upon somewhat coldly, because he went too far; the upholders of the latter hinted, though they could not say upon what points, that he did not go far enough. But as the event proved, these two sections of the meeting proved very slender wings—mere light detachments of skirmishers—flanking the main body. Out of about fifteen hundred representative electors, it appeared that at least 1,450 were enthusiastic in favour of the tried and known candidate; the others were, literally speaking, nowhere. The division was surprising to many who had come to the meeting with their own minds sufficiently made-up, yet filled with a vague uneasiness. The sedulous whisperings that have been set afloat, during the past week, concerning personal unpopularity and crotchetiness, had had their effect, and people had come prepared for a real and strenuous opposition to Mr. Jacob Bright. It turned out, eventually, that the supposed disaffection was almost entirely imaginary, and that all sections of the most representative party meeting that has ever been held in Manchester were united in his favour. The result of the division gladdened every heart. The two minorities, as heartily as the great body of the meeting, welcomed the chosen candidate when he appeared on the platform. They had had their say freely, as it was right and wholesome that they should, and they accepted the decision of the majority with a hearty readiness which augurs well for the discipline and organisation of the party. No one who was present at the meeting on Monday night can doubt that the Liberals mean real combat, and are in splendid fighting trim. They have obtained a worthy champion whom they mean to send to Parliament for a purpose, and for work. If, by outward signs, we can judge of the tendency of public feeling, the warm, enthusiastic, high-spirited meeting on Monday evening established the reality of a Liberal reaction in Manchester, and there is little room for doubt that, in a few days, the interregnum of the past two years will be ended by a renewal of the historic connection of the representation of the city with the names of Bazley and Bright. All our readers, irrespective of politics, will rejoice to know that Sir Thomas spoke to his supporters, in favour of his old friend's candidature, with unabated vigour and spirit; and it would be improper to close our record of the proceedings without offering our testimony to the singularly fair, genial, and impartial manner, and consummate tact, with which Mr. Leake presided under circumstances of peculiar difficulty.

THE CONSERVATIVE CHOICE.

IT may have been that the night was wet, or perhaps that two hundred Tories packed together in a small room could not make so much noise as 1,500 Liberals crowded in a large one; but the scene in St. James's Square which attended the choice of a candidate by the Conservatives on Tuesday, presented a dispiriting contrast to the excitement which prevailed in Upper King Street on the previous evening. The small knots of people that waited outside on the steps of the club, or that sheltered in the doorways on the opposite side of the square, stood dolefully under their umbrellas, whispering doubts and difficulties, or staring blankly before them. When at last the cheering which greeted Mr. Powell's appearance in the library came ringing for a moment through the windows, and the name of the chosen candidate was whispered down the stairs, the bulk of the chilled and sodden fuglemen who had stood so long at the doors disconsolate, turned away inquiring of each other, "Powell! who is he?" "Alas, for fame! The Manchester Tories do not know Francis Sharp!"

While the Liberals were surprised, in meeting together, to find that they were pretty nearly all of one mind, the Tory caucus revealed an amount of disintegration and private jealousy which was unexpected, and brought them face to face with a dilemma. Dr. Royle believed that he had claims upon the party equal to Mr. J. W. Maclure, and Mr. Tom Rose had been debating, with his intimate friends and supporters in St. Ann's, the old problem, "to be or not to be?" with appropriate political variations. Mr. Richard Haworth had been asked to 'oist his banner, with the motto "Never say dye," but he wouldn't. When the meeting assembled, the bluff and burly chairman thought it one of his first duties to withdraw his own candidature. "Nobody asked you, sir, she said," hummed a gay but unkind young Conservative of the refined and questioning type which is rising to afflict party wire-pullers.

All jealousies, however, are now laid aside, and the Tories have taken "to their guns" with characteristic unanimity of purpose and determined energy. They have found a plucky candidate in Mr. Powell, who is in favour of religious teaching by the State, and opposed to the Permissive Bill. This being his motto, his supporters are, appropriately, on the right "Haworth and the Bible," and on the left "Dr. Royle and Beer." Mr. Powell, on the other hand, possesses the advantages of an indefatigable chairman, who combines and reconciles in his own person a fervent admiration of the Bible, and an unconcealed respect for Beer interests.

Mr. Powell, if we may quote a happy phrase—"good but old"—from Mr. Croston, whose experiences at Macclesfield give a touching point to the description, is "a frozen-out politician." He has contested his native town of Wigan four times, and been defeated thrice. He was returned once for Cambridge, but did not choose to face his constituents a second time at the close of his term of service. Conservative Stalybridge in 1871 rejected his proffered services. In 1872 he was accepted at an interim vacancy for the Northern Division of Yorkshire, but was thrown out at the last general election. Mr. Powell, it will thus be seen, has had some experience of parliamentary life, and an experience of parliamentary elections altogether out of proportion to his success. He is a political tramp, carrying testimonials bearing many dates and many places, and each ending, "Discharged from his last situation." Though constantly on the outlook, it has always been hard for him to find a place, and when he has got one he has never been able to keep it long. This may not be the gentleman's fault, but he has undoubtedly been unfortunate, and is getting too much accustomed to the road. Still, Mr. Powell, we may be assured, will fight a good fight. He is a clever and dangerous skirmisher, with a reputation for gaining snatch victories, and he will compel the Liberals to be thoroughly on their guard, and to do their utmost.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

A HINT TO NEEDY VOTERS.

HE'S in Manchester. We needn't describe him particularly, as every body who has a vote and wants to make money out of it, will be sure to receive a visit from him. The mode of going about the matter is very simple. All a voter has to do is to put a sufficient value on his vote, write to a political agent, and be at home in the evening. You can't mistake the knock of "The Man in the Moon." To show that you are disposed to treat him friendly, shake hands with him when he crosses your threshold. If he puts anything in your hand, it would be impolite to look at it in his presence. He'll chat to your wife, kiss your children, but you may depend upon it he'll say nothing about your vote. This will save you a lot of trouble, and may encourage you to solicit an interview with "the man in the moon" on both sides. On leaving your house, "The Man in the Moon" will be as civil as on entering it, and if you are charmed with his liberality, say so, and depend upon it you won't suffer. For all this good advice we ask that you'll forward half of your bribes—we mean to say perquisites—to the *Jackdaw* office, so that we may fairly estimate whether the Ballot Act has been instrumental or not in suppressing bribery and corruption.

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

SEVERAL would-be candidates had prepared addresses to the constituency, which the unanimity of the two parties in favour of Messrs. Bright and Powell compelled them to withhold from publicity. We have got hold of some of them:—

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF MANCHESTER.

Gentlemen,—Having received an encouraging requisition from several citizens, who ought to know what they are about, I beg to offer myself as a candidate for your suffrages. My political and other views are tolerably well known to you. I am in favour of the abolition of all representative government, whether parliamentary or municipal. I consider that taxation, whether direct or indirect, is a direct violation of the law of nature. I am further of opinion that if people were allowed to govern and educate themselves, without the intervention of State tyranny, they would, with the further advantage of studying the works of Professors Tyndall, Huxley, and others, arrive at an absolute mastery over their own direction, which would do away with the necessity for the obsolete machinery of town clerks, mayors, aldermen, city councillors, king's jurors, peers, and members of Parliament. If these views suit you, I shall have great pleasure in submitting my name as that of a candidate; and should you return me, I shall have great pleasure in doing my best to upset the Constitution of these realms in the interest of the great Liberal party, which I shall have the honour to represent.—Your obedient servant,

DR. PANKHURST (of laws).

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF MANCHESTER.

Gentlemen,—I will be blunt with you. I am not a Liberal in the ordinary sense of the word. The Liberal policy should, in my opinion, be amended in many respects. In the first place, it is not wide enough. It does not embrace, among other things, the abolition of trial by jury, Monarch, Lords, and Commons, and the liability of a reformer to pay his debts. I opine that the time is now ripe for most of these changes, as well as for others, such as the repeal of the Vaccination and Contagious Diseases Acts, and the adoption of manhood suffrage for men, women, and children; and the declaration that all workmen should be paid their wages whether they work or not; and the establishment in this country of a committee of working-men to regulate the equal distribution of capital among rich and poor. Trusting that these views may prove acceptable to the glorious Liberal party in Manchester, I subscribe myself beforehand, your humble representative,

GEORGE ODOER.

ELECTION SONG FOR THE TORIES.

[BY OUR OWN RADICAL.]



COME all true and faithful Tories,
Rally round the banner blue,
Let the thought of former glories
Cheer you and sustain you too,
Rally round the Constitution,
And the Church of England dear,
Guard each cherished institution,
Vote for Bible and for beer.

England's eyes are now upon you,
Watching you with anxious gaze,
And expressing as they can you,
Willingness your deeds to praise.
Vote for Dizzy and for Derby,
Vote for Bible and for beer,
Let no craven fears disturb ye,
For the hour of triumph's near.

Rally round the throne and altar,
Rally round the barrel too,
Tories! ne'er be known to falter,
When you have your work to do.
Never heed the wretched clamour
Of the democratic crew,
Nor permit a Liberal glamour
To obscure the future's view.

Listen not to talk of blunders,
Tories never do such things,
And the name of "Tory" sunders
Awkward facts from blunderings.
If the slave must be surrendered,
Surely there's a reason wise;
Wait and hear the reasons tendered,
In the Government replies.

After all, our ships you know are
To contain their crews but meant;
They are meant for this, and so are
Down unto the bottom sent.
If our ships sink one another
Clumsily in times of peace,
Still, my Tory friend and brother,
'Tis a sign that wars should cease.

Rally, then, ye gallant Tories,
Round the standard of your sires;
Victory your eyes before is
Waiting on your fond desires.
Cheer for Derby, cheer for Dizzy,
All things Tory let us cheer,
Wheresoe'er a Tory is, he
Loves his Bible and his beer.

"BETTER TO HAVE WOODED AND LOST," &c.

Attend all ye who list to hear our gallant Powell's praise,	
I sing to you the thrice-worthy deeds he did in ancient days.	
CAMBRIDGE	Scratched.
WIGAN	Defeated.
STALYBRIDGE	Defeated.
NORTH WEST YORKSHIRE	Defeated.
MANCHESTER	P

(Open to future engagements.)

MIND AND STOMACH.

[BY OUR OWN STREET ARAB.]

(Dedicated to Mr. Shaw, of the Chorlton Guardians.)

JHE gentleman says as how
 He'd like our bellies to fill,
 A very acceptable thing, I vow,
 To me a full belly would be just now,
 As well as my brother Bill.
 He says, and so say I,
 That mind for itself will care,
 So long as the belly is full—for why?
 When belly is full the mind is spry,
 They both the benefit share.
 Just fancy a school in which
 They gave one a good blow out!
 Oh, wouldn't I go if I know'd of such!
 As into the pudden and beef I'd pitch,
 The books might go for nowt.
 My belly I'd fill, and mend
 My mind at the self-same time;
 I never would fail that school to attend,
 And could hardly fail to attain in the end,
 To a learned pitch sublime.
 The gent hisself as made
 The remark I quoted above,
 He may have been joking, though I'm afraid
 There isn't a joke in the folks of his trade,
 For nowt they'll do for love.
 But then, no doubt he knows
 What he is about, for he
 Has got a full belly, as I suppose;
 If wiser he is as fuller it grows,
 How very wise he must be.

NOTES IN THE CITY COUNCIL.

THE City Council, having, we presume, little else to do, occupied upwards of an hour on Wednesday morning in discussing the question whether Mr. Whiley, superintendent of the health department, may or may not occupy part of his not very abundant leisure usefully in helping and improving his neighbours, or uselessly in a public-house. Such a discussion, which touched a depth so low as a plea for Mr. Whiley, that he bolts his dinner daily in the Health Office, instead of eating his chop like a gentleman at Beresford's, and dispenses disinfectants between each mouthful—requires no report or description. Still, such a debate has its uses, and possibly, chiefly on account of its essential paltriness, it brings vividly to the fore the peculiar idiosyncrasies of the smaller men in the Council, and gives free play to what are called "the amenities." Thus it does good to one aspirant to the Conservative leadership to be able to call "Question" to the statements of another aspirant to the same office; and it is edifying to the Council generally to hear Mr. Croston retort, "that if Mr. Griffin would only keep himself in order for once in his life," &c. Mr. Griffin, however he may be sat upon by the leaders of his party, and though he may not know French, and is ignorant as to parliamentary usage upon "questions of order," is still able to say a good

thing now and again; partly displaying a growing shrewdness, which is full of promise for his future progress. One of these, unappreciated by the Council, we will record. Mr. Stewart, who addressed the Council in this debate, whether against or in favour of Mr. Whiley we care not, had occasion to fall foul of Mr. Batty. First he called him his "learned friend," and caused a laugh by justifying the use of the appellation with a reference to Mr. Batty's business as a chronometer maker. This joke was so successful that Mr. Stewart immediately tried another, and next time he had to refer to Mr. Batty he spoke of him as "my reverend friend." This was too much for Alderman Murray, who occasionally sports a white tie himself, and accordingly he called Mr. Stewart to order. That gentleman humbly submitted, and withdrew the expression, stating at the same time his gratitude to his friend, "whose opinion on all questions of propriety and good taste he always preferred to his own." Now for Mr. Griffin's joke. He protested that the apology was unnecessary, since, under the recent decision of the Lord Chancellor in the Owston Ferry case, all men were alike entitled to be called "reverend." This, for Mr. Griffin, was a very good and timely joke.

This discussion, upon the question how the Superintendent of the Health Department whiles away his leisure, having occupied an hour and ten minutes, the Council proceeded to business. There were ten other items on the agenda paper, relating to the paving and opening of streets as public highways, the annual report and estimates of the Waterworks Committee, the levy of public rates thereon; the administration of justice, the payment of sanitary expenses, the management of the parks and cemeteries, &c. These were all disposed of in less than ten minutes, and the Council adjourned at twenty minutes before twelve. If Mr. Whiley's private affairs had not cropped up for consideration, the whole business of the city for a month might have been transacted in a quarter of an hour.

Red ties and red camellias were extensively worn on Wednesday, and some of the Tory councillors looked unusually blue. Can it be that the Corporation is a political assembly, and that canvassing interferes in any remote way with the transaction of civic business, as it is said to have spoiled all the charitable meetings of the week?

PROPOSED POTHOUSE PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION.

JN congratulating Mr. French on his resignation of the post of honorary secretary to the Protestant Parishioners' Committee, we have much pleasure. A short paragraph in a Manchester paper, which informs us of the fact above alluded to, also says that "it is in contemplation to form a vigilance organization, to be called the Protestant Vigilance Committee." Steps are also being taken, we understand, to engage a board-room in the centre of the town, for the purposes of the Committee. We do not know exactly what, or of what nature, are the functions of a vigilance committee; but, whatever they may be, we may be certain that the Pothouse Protestants will be equal to the occasion, and make themselves offensive in some shape or other. That this will be the case the presumption is strengthened by the fact of Mr. French having cut his connection with the Manchester Pothouse Protestants. Mr. French has a certain amount of decency and self-respect about him which undoubtedly had a restraining influence over his Pothouse Protestant associates. Now that Messrs. Tagrag and Bobtail are going to start on their own hook, some very peculiar manœuvres may be expected. We ourselves should fancy that the people of Manchester must be getting thoroughly sick of the word "Protestant," and if the vagaries of the persons calling themselves by that name have that desirable result, their foolish labours will not have been altogether in vain.

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FOX TURNER HOLDS UP HIS HAND FOR BRIGHT.
IN TWO SCENES.

I.—*The Aggregate Meeting of the Liberal Party, at the Reform Club.*

The Chairman. I've received a letter from Mr. Fox Turner, dated London, in which he says, "I hold up my hand for Bright at this distance." [Prolonged cheering.]

II.—*The Strand, London. Time, midnight. Policeman hails Distinguished Stranger.*

P. C. I say, my friend, what on earth are you doing?
Distinguished Stranger. Wa'sh that to you?

P. C. Well, just tell me?

Distinguished Stranger. All right. I am hold—hic—holding up my hand for Bri—hic—Jacob, who's going to stand—hic—for Manchester.

Tableau.

HOW I GOT MY LIFE INSURED.

[BY A HYPOCHONDRIAC.]

JT matters nothing at all to the reader why I wanted to insure my life. These things are private, and therefore I will say nothing about them; but the thing had to be done. When I applied at the office I was presented with a document as long as my arm to fill up, asking all sorts of impertinent and, to me, difficult questions. I need hardly premise that I went at the matter with much nervous apprehension. It was easy enough to say whether I was married or single, Liberal or Conservative, and so on; but the first question which staggered me was this: "Have you ever had medical attendance? if so, what for?" Now, I have been in the hands of the doctors, more or less, all my life, and I did not know how to fill this up; but at last I wrote: "Yes; but I don't know what's the matter with me." I might have added, "Neither do the doctors," but I didn't. Then I had to give my age, which I did, and to say whether I was "sedentary" or "active," which is a difficult question for any man, except a coalheaver, to answer conscientiously. I hope I did not perjure myself by saying I was "active." Next I was asked if I had had gout, rheumatism, insanity, fits, in fact everything except indigestion, at which omission I was very glad, and signed to the absence of gout and insanity with conscientious pleasure. Then I had to refer to my "medical attendant" and to "two friends who knew me intimately." I might have referred to my medical attendant as the most intimate friend that I ever had, but I didn't; I merely referred to him distantly as a casual acquaintance, and gave the names of the Old Fogie and the Lover of Nature as my lay references. The Old Fogie, I knew, would say what he could for me, for he is not always particular about sticking to the truth; and the Lover of Nature is such a curious person that he would be sure to find some excuse for my symptoms. This document signed, I had to wait the dread examination by the doctor, to which, indeed, I looked forward with anguish. I made sure I should be rejected immediately. However, the time came. The doctor and I were closeted in a room together. He asked me questions from a printed form, which was before him. When he asked for my age he wanted proofs thereof. I had come ready armed with a baptismal certificate. Said he, mildly, "The office does not require to know when or where you were baptized, but when you were born." I promised to provide the necessary document. Then he said, "Have you had gout, rheumatism, insanity, fever, corns, warts, excrescences, irritability, measles, vaccination; have you any personal defects; do you suffer from any injury, external or internal, accidental or otherwise; do you perspire when hot, and are you of sober and temperate habits? Have your parents (if any) had any of these complaints?" I replied satisfactorily to all these queries, for there was not a word about indigestion in any of them. Then he made me remove a portion of my clothing, and began to apply things like trumpets, with the big ends uppermost, to my carcase, then he gave me two or three great digs in the ribs, and said, "Do you feel any pain there?" and I said that I did not, previous

to the punching. Then he let me dress myself, and began to talk about my habits, and asked me if I sat down a good deal. Whereat I told him that I sat chiefly at my meals and when I was writing. He asked me for what paper I wrote. I told him, proudly, the *City Jackdaw*. That man was ignorant. He actually said to me, "Is that an American paper?" Lastly, he said to me, when I had explained about the *Jackdaw*, "You are the healthiest man I have examined for a long time," which vexed my soul, only I considered that he probably says this to every person he sees in the way of business. This is the only way I can explain it, for I know that I am not at all well, and nothing agrees with me that I eat. I was accepted, however, as "a healthy life."

HINTS ON MAKING POETRY.

[BY OUR OWN POET.]

MY department has been invaded, this week, by verses about the elections, none of them good enough, as I think, for publication in full. A "Converted Conservative" writes:—

After the latest shameful Tory minute
I am a Radical, and glory in it;
I used to glory in the other thing,
Now to a very different tune I sing.
I haven't been a Rad so very long,
But still I feel in me convictions strong—
I feel that I have joined a noble band,
Although I don't exactly understand
What difference there is to be detected
'Twixt Rads and those from whom I have defected.

This person goes on for a long time in the same strain, until his barren confessions become excessively wearisome. The next poet has, at least, some warmth of conviction:—

WHO WOULDN'T BE A LIBERAL?

I wouldn't be a Tory, though
To be so I were paid,
Which clearly isn't likely, so
I need not be afraid.
I wouldn't sell my vote, if I
Had got a vote to sell,
And if a Tory asked me, why
I'd say —

Here the poet becomes profane, under the influence of honest indignation, so we will pass to the next effusion, which is headed:—

OUR DEAR OLD CHURCH.

Why should Dissenters want to lay
Their bones in holy mould?
It is a mournful sign, I say,
That they should make so bold.
The churchyard it was never meant
For such unholy use,
And yet the Radicals are bent
On making this excuse.
Then let us hate Dissenters for
The reasons I have given;
They shan't be buried with us, or
Reside with us in heaven.
Then let us be Conservative,
And this our party cry,
To hate Dissenters while they live,
And shun them when they die.

There is no space for any more extracts, this week, from this or other poems.

DISFRANCHISEMENT OF NEWTON HEATH AND BRADFORD.

ARATEPAYER of Newton Heath appeals to us to decide whether Manchester is a city or a borough. He complains that the great districts of Newton Heath, Bradford, and Harpurhey, have been ignored by both political candidates now before the constituency, who address themselves solely to the citizens of Manchester. He asks whether the districts we have named have been disfranchised, since he has always

understood that though they are not within the city of Manchester, they are included in the parliamentary borough.

[If the Liberal Association have made the mistake which our naturally irate correspondent suggests, a reference to our advertising columns will show that they have very speedily corrected. For the Tories we plead that they have been taken at unawares, and may not yet know exactly what they are doing.—ED. C. J.]

LESSONS FROM COMMON OBJECTS.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

ALTHOUGH I discourse with the greatest of ease
On natural objects, I own

That the best way of getting a lesson from these,
Is to let those same objects alone.
When Solomon tells me to go to the ant,
By way of just breaking the ice,
I simply reply with a shrug that I sha'n't,
For I scorn such eccentric advice.

I know that an ant has got nothing to teach
That is likely to benefit me,
So Solomon's wisdom I'm bound to impeach,
Because I know better, you see.

I know that the ant isn't frugal at all,
And, moreover, it doesn't eat grain,
Yet Solomon says that it does, which I call
A mistake, with the greatest of pain.

'Twas surely too bad such a statement to make,
It was really too bad, I aver,
Unless he invented the tale for the sake
Of getting a lesson from her.
The ant, I believe, is a female, and that
Will account for the rhyme I have made ;
I find that the rhyme comes exceedingly pat
When I summon such facts to my aid.

But let us just now with the subject proceed,
And attend to the theme we discuss,
The sex of the ant, or on what it may feed,
Is merely a trifle for us.
The lesson that Solomon drew from the ants
Unheeded upon us must fall ;
Why didn't he stick to his books about plants,
And the hyssop that grew on the wall ?

Now what sort of thing was the hyssop I don't
To be able to tell you profess ;
And so, if you ask me to tell you, I won't,
But its nature I'll leave you to guess.
The book that he wrote upon hyssop is lost,
As far as I'm able to tell ;
It wasn't half worth all the labour it cost,
Of that I am sure very well.

Now if his remarks about sluggard and ant
Had happened to share the same fate,
The proverb in number would suffer, I grant,
But his name would be equally great.
From which I proceed to this lesson deduce,
You'll see its importance, no doubt,
Whoever you may be, to write it's no use
Upon things you know nothing about.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender.

We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.
Constant Reader. We have no time to "weed" your contribution of faults; besides, we'd rather not.

A Careful Woman. We cannot take your word for it.

N. It is not only an anachronism, but, practically, a nonentity.

Grasshopper. You have no locus(s)t-and.

Disgusted. What can you expect from a drunken man, who falls in the gutter, except guttural sounds ?

Post hoc non propter hoc. It means that you may be obliged to cling to your pots after too much hock.

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